

Scattered Fall

"Visible Marks Make For One Hell Of A Start"

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Horns on my head are coming out. the wings on my back are spreading now. the beauty of black has touched my soul. the beauty of both makes me whole. i place my eyes in the sand. now i don't know what is planned. maybe a blade and maybe flowers. in my death i count the hours. all my dreams slowly break. my heart melts while i learn. my soul is on a constant burn. how much more can i take? she always helped me live. so i scream out for her return. all my dreams slowly break. my heart melts while i learn. my soul is on a constant burn. how much more can i take? she always helped me live. so i scream out for her return. horns on my head are coming out. the wings on my back are spreading now. the beauty of black has touched my soul. the beauty of both makes me whole. i place my eyes in the sand. now i don't know what is planned. maybe a blade and maybe flowers. in my death i count the hours. all my dreams slowly break. my heart melts while i learn. my soul is on a constant burn. how much more can i take? she always helped me live. so i scream out for her return. all my dreams slowly break. my heart melts while i learn. my soul is on a constant burn. how much more can i take? she always helped me live. so i scream out for her return. so i scream out for her. so i scream out for her.

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